

Biddy Mulligan - Irish Folk

Sing Low, Capo 2

Chorus-----

A E
You may travel from Clare, to the county Kildare,
A E
from Dublin right down to Macroom,
A E
but where would you see a fine widow like me,
A E A
Biddy Mulligan, the pride of the Coombe.

A E
I'm a buxom fine widow that lives in a place,
A E
in Dublin that's known as the Coombe.
A E
My shop and my stall are laid out on the street,
A E A
and my palace consists of one room.

A E
By Patrick's street corner for 35 years,
A E
I stood by my stall that's no lie.
A E
And while I stood there, there was no one would dare
A E A
to say black was the white of me eye.

Chorus

A E
I sell apples and oranges, nuts and split peas,
A E
bull's eyes and sugar stick sweet.
A E
On a Saturday night I sell second hand clothes,
A E A
from my stall on the floor of the street.

A E
Now I have a son Mick and he plays on the pipe,
A E
he belongs to the Longford Street Band.
A E
It would do your heart good just to see them march out,
A E A
on a Sunday to Sandymount Strand.

Chorus